

The Historie

Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge Christ
Thrice hath this Hotspur Mars in swathing clothes,
This infant warrior, in his enterprises,
Discomfited great Douglas, ta'ne him once,
Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deepe defiance vp,
And shake the peace and safetie of our throne,
And what say you to this? Percy, Northumberland,
The Archbishops grace of York, Douglas, Mortimer,
Capitulate against vs, and are vp.
But, wherefore doe I tell these newes to thee?
Why, Harry, doe I tell thee of my foes,
Which art my neereft and deareft enemy?
Thou that art like enough, through vassall feare,
Base inclination, and the start of spleene,
To fight against me, vnder Percies pay,
To dog his heeles, and curtsie at his frownes,
To shew, how much thou art degenerate.

Prin. Do not thinke so, you shall not find it so;
And God forgie them, that so much haue swayd
Your Maiesties good thoughts away from me.
I will redeeme all this on Percies head,
And, in the closing of some glorious day,
Be bold to tell you that I am your sonne,
When I will weare a garment all of blood,
And staine my fauors in a bloody maske,
Which washt away, shall scoure my shame with it.
And that shall be the day, when e're it lights,
That this same child of honour and renowne,
This gallant Hotspur, this all praised knight,
And your vnthought of Harry, chance to meet,
For euery honor, sitting on his helme,
Would they were multitudes, and on my head
My shames redoubled. For the time will come
That I shall make this Northren youth exchange
His glorious deeds, for my indignities.
Percy is but my factor, good my Lord,
To engrosse vp glorious deeds on my behalfe.

of Henry

And I will call him to so strict account
That he shall render euery glory
Yea, euen the sleightest worship
Or I will teare the reckoning from
This, in the name of God, I promise
The which, if he be pleas'd, I shall
I doe beseech your Maiesty may
The long growne wounds of mine
If not, the end of life cancels all
And I will die, a hundred thousand
E're breake the smallest parcel of
King. A hundred thousand re-
Thou shalt haue charge, & souer-
How now good Blunt? thy lookes

Enter Blunt.

Blunt. So hath the busines, that I
Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath
That Douglas and the English R-
The cleuenth of this moneth, at
A mighty, and a fearefull head r-
(If promises be kept on euery ha-
As euer offred foule play in a stat-
King. The Earle of Westmerlan-
With him my sonne, Lord Iohn
For this aduertisement is fise day
On Wednesday next, Harry, you
On thursday, we our selues wil m-
Is Bridgenorth, and Harry, you
Through Gloucestershire, by whi-
Our busines valued some twelue
Our generall forces, at Bridgeno-
Our hands are full of busines, lo-
Aduantage feeds him fat, while

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. Bardol, am I not faine av-
do I not bate? doe I not dwindle
me like an old Ladies loose gowne
ple Iohn Well, ye repent, an